Vietims

to deciding the bet the operator simply

calls up a confederate on the telephone

and he tells the card selected. By way of

example take the ten of diamonds, the code

"Is Prof. Marvin there?" inquires the

operator. After some delay "Prof. Marvin,"

the confederate, begins a series of small

talk over the phone which finally winds up

by the "Prof." informing the dupe that the

card he holds in his hand is the ten of dia-

The game is generally carried on in

saloons, tobacco stores, barber shops and

other such places. The operator whisks

into the place rubbing his hands and by

way of making an opening among the crowd

"Wonderful! wonderful! Never saw any-

"What's eating you?" inquires the cheer-

'Nothing, nothing," answers the operator.

"Have something; cold day. Wonderful

the telephone just as easily as you can read

that sign before your eyes. Don't make

any difference how many miles away. He

over in Manhattan to-day. Just ask

With a few more remarks the operator

50 cents to \$20 that the feat is impossible

the four of spades.
"Is Prof. Smith there?" and after some

delay the voice at the other end finally

announces that the professor is at the tele

"Professor, I have a friend here who

mitter, then toward the light and so back and forth several times, the "professor"

announces that the card is the four of spades

The money is paid over and the operator glides out of the piace in search of other

\$1,000 for the Rev. C. T. Snow.

The members of the Marcy Avenue

OBITUARY.

Sergt. Charles S. Colton, one of the most

the desk at the Leonard street station for

fourteen years, died yesterday afternoon of

Bright's disease at his home, 235th street and ebster avenue. He was born on a farm

Members avenue in was but on the Minnesota in 1853. When he reached manhood he joined the Barnum & Bailey circus and travelled all over the world with it. He had the reputation then of being the most expert ticket seller and quick change maning the profession. While the circus was in

married to the son of ex-Gov. Douglas of Massachusetts.

The Rev. Brother Sebastian. O. S. F., a. Franciscan brother of the diocese of Brooklyn, died vesterday morning in St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn, after a short illness. He was born fifty-seven years ago near Cashel, County Tipperary, Ireland. In 1867 he became a religious of the Order of St. Francis. His whole religious life was devoted to the education of boys in the parochial schools of Brooklyn. He taught at one time or other in nearly all the brothers' schools and was for many years principal in turn of St. Patrick's, St. Anthony's and Mary's schools. For a short time he was superior of St. Leonard's Academy. The funeral will be held to-morrow morning from the chapel of Our Lady of the Angels, St. Francis College, 41 Butler street, Brooklyn. Charles E. White, who for many years was

Place Presbyterian Church will be held at 21 East Ninth street to-morrow

name for which is "Marvin."

thing like it! Never!"

minute he has the answer."

"Flower Messages" the Newest Thing in the Cult -The Medium, Exhausted, Entreats the Audience Not to Throw Their

Thoughts at Her -A Reporter Rebuked.

There was another big jump in the ghost population of Brooklyn last night when the Second Spiritual Church of Bedford avenue was opened only a few short steps from the Aurora Grata Cathedral of Bishop May S. Pepper, sometime known as Mary Ann Scannell. The high priestess of the new ha'nted house is Mrs. Louis Miller, who summoned and grasped the air from 8 clock till 10 before a congregation that filled every seat in a hall at 1246 Bedford

Sister Miller was assisted by Brother Knabe of Washington, D. C., and between them they got together so many controls that the spiritual wires almost blew out a fuse and Sister Miller had to sink into a cane seated chair from exhaustion. Most of the readings were "flower messages," that is, the seekers of truth and light handed up chrysanthemums and carnations (known to the spirit world as pinks), and after the stems a while Sister Miller would tell the owners of the flowers that everything was to the flossy with "J. K." or "Ida" or "the tall man" in a region more glorious than Brooklyn. Some of the residents of Brooklyn's ghost belt just couldn't resist the habit of sending up sealed letters instead of flowers, but the best con-

trols were got from the bouquets. Brooklyn, ever in the lead in the occult sciences, was early on the spiritual job and they came into the "services" laden with posies in a wad that will cause most of the Brooklyn florists to join Sister Miller's new cult. Besides Sister Miller and her husband -who was once a deacon in the Presbyterian (hurch, but was converted to spiritualism with his wife six years ago-there was Sister White, a large, motherly looking spiritualist dressed expansively in light gray. Brother Knabe of Washington sat down among the congregation till Sister White had finished a half hour address on whither are we drifting and Sister Miller had called forth ghosts till the air was blue.

Only when one control grasped Sister Miller too tightly and she had to come back to a material wooden chair and rest did Brother Knabe call forth his collection of spirits. Mr. Miller's only work seemed to be that of spiritualistic toastmaster as it were, and his short address was confined principally to the emphatic statement that the collection that was to be taken up before the spirits would be called forth was merely a part of the services and nothing more.

The tenor of Sister White's introductory address was that the spirit moves on and that we must try to keep up the pace. What shall you do? Ah, lock yourself in the pantry and commune alone with the inner consciousness. Advance upward and onward, ah, ever onward through the straight path that leads through the wilderness and on which your boat will never be wrecked. But ab, alas, man now drinks the fiery stuff that stultifies the inner consciousness and Adam has his way, right here in Brooklyn, and the Lord is blackballed. Ah! "Ah, we should believe the Almighty

"Ah, we should believe the Almighty knows His own business. Old things come and go, but whither are we—we—drifting. People do good, and ah, they know psychics as well as Prof. Hyslop and his kind, and Mrs. Parson's trial marriages were old in the day of Eden. And 100 years from now the elevated trains will rise story over story, the fiery eastern skies, burning like a great conferration on the ocean of time, will be the hery eastern skies, burning like a great conflagration on the ocean of time, will be a-buz with graceful wind wagons; and may we try in that day also. As there is a heaven above, before that glad day comes each man, looking into the face of his fellow, will know the innermost thought of his brother. All will then be truth because who can lie when his consciousness tells "My fellow man seen my face and

him: "My feilow man seen my face and knowed that I thought otherwise." ."Ah, my friends, we must prune our-selves. Invite the Adam in you to go down and out. So prepare ourselves that the angels will climb down the golden ladder with great sweeps of their shining wings at they fly and carry us to our long home st they fly and carry us to our long home while Brooklyn murmurs, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. There goes a good one.' We will now sing No. 3, page 16."
When the hymn was ended Brother Miller dvanced to the front of the platform and

"You are not paying for truth," said Brother Miller, a solemn faced young man in a freek coat, fancy waistcoat and hand-kerchief corner draped gracefully from an upper pocket. "You are paying the freight; upper pocket. "You are paying the freight; that is all. Merely the freight. And I want you above all things to remember that the collection is merely a necessary part of the services. I can't impress that you too much. It is merely a part

"The answers to the messages will be read after—after—the collection. Sister Miller, who holds seances every Friday night at her home at 400 Tompkins avenue—400 Tompkins avenue—400 Tompkins avenue—401 Tompkins avenue—401 Tompkins avenue—402 Priday night, rain or shipe, everyhody gets an answer to him. ne, everybody gets an answer to his or

her message."
Sister Miller, a good looking matron of about 40, dressed prettily in black, sipped from the lone glass of water that prepared the various spiritualists for excursions into regions that were evidently waterless, and then walked slowly over to the flower laden piano and began to caress the stems.

"Play something — something soft,"

crooned Sister Miller to a wide girl seated
at the piano. From her dreamy tones it

could be seen that Sister Miller was already

falling into the grasp of the controls. Also she was breathing heavily. A trolley bell banged in the distance.

"I'm perfectly helpless," sighed Sister atter a time, and she drew her hand across her closed gwes wearily.

Miller after a time, and she drew. "Don't across her closed eyes wearily. "Don't houghts at me," she warned throw your thoughts at me," she warned the congregation hastily. "Implore the spirits to help me.

"Ah, mother. I get the word mother."

"Ah, mother. I get the word mother," said the gifted woman at last, and she walked up and down between the plane and the platform undecidedly for a moment.
"Now over to home I have a larger platform where I can arrange the flowers alongside of the and this little stage gits me all flowers. of me, and this little stage gits me all flus-tered. As I was saying, I hear the word

mother. Some one reaches out for one, three, five people. But I don't git a name yet. Ah, there it is—Henry. Whose flowers is these? Will the lady or gent kindly git A young woman wearing the spirit of a een parrot on her lid arose all in a tremble d said the flowers were hern. 'Is your mother in the spirit?" asked Sister

anxiously.

gasped the young woman breathlessly.

She gimme the flowers, though, to bring to you and she warned me not to touch the stems before I give them to you." Ah. then it is some one asking for Henry

"Ah, then it is some one asking for Henry and only your mother will understand," Sister Miller assured the young woman. "Ask her when you git home and she will understand. There was one near to you that went into the spirit not long back? Yes? Thank you, I thought so. And there is some one near you who is suffering."

"My brother is sick," ventured the owner of the flowers.

"Yes, I see it now. And now some one is carrying me out of Brooklyn that—But tell me, is your father in the spirit?"
Much to the relief of every one it was found that father was in the spirit for quite

That's it. Your father says not to worry Everything will come out all right. You understand? Thank you. And does your brother, who is ill, git colds on his chest? He has bronchitis now? Thank you.—I He has bronchitis now? Thank you—I was that stuffed up around the bronkeel soobs for the last minute or two I knowed

Meriden Company

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Our line of Holiday Gifts suitable for men and women is displayed in

STERLING SILVER GOLD AND SILVER PLATE

in a great profusion of articles and a wide range of prices.

218 Fifth Avenue

Cor. 26th St.

Madison Square Entrance also on 26th Street, near B'way

it couldn't a-been anything else. Remember not to worry. I am assured that everything will be well." All the time that Sister Miller was reveal-

All the time that Sister Miller was revealing the secrets of the other world she carried on little parenthetical conversations with the piano stool, the glass of water or just the atmosphere and immediately she told what had been said by the ha'nts. Once a ghost gave her a couple of good hunches in rapid succession and Sister Miller had to call him down sharp and short. Miller had to call him down sharp and short

"Take your time—take your time," she snapped at a table and one could see that Sister Miller was having a hard time to hold her temper with the impatient ghost. The ha'nt quieted down under her sharp reprimand and after that they seemed to set right out or her hand.

reprimand and after that cat right out or her hand. "I now have a little pink here," resumed "I now have a little pink here," There's the spiritualist, after a moment. "There's a grandmother and a little child. I seen the face of the child but can't git the little one's age for the life of me. I hear the name Edward. The flowers are yours, my poor girl, are they not? Thank you, but don't be downcast. A young man is trying to reach out to you, for what reason I don't know. Perhaps he is a relative."

The congregation got up on tiptoes to

The congregation got up on tiptoes to see the owner of the flowers and sank back again, still unable to fathom why the young man reached out unless he really were a

"Ah, I see Edward clearly now," said Sister Miller at last. "He's a very tall young man and he is your cousin. You under-stand?" Well, I recognize the name all right,

"Well, I recognize the name all right," faltered the girl that the ghost was annoying, "but he ain't tall."

"Well, I suppose he seems tall beside me," suggested Sister Miller.

The medium's great work was when she picked up the flowers given in by a young woman wearing widow's weeds and crying behind her black veil. Sister Miller said as soon as she had touched the flowers that the young woman had lost her husband recently in an accident, and the young widow tearfully admitted she had. Sister Miller ran down the aisle and grasped the hand of the widow and the two had a good cry as the the widow and the two had a good cry as the medium told the wife not to worry, but that "he" said—"he" seemed to keep his name to himself, doubtless realizing that he was making so good there was no use of show-ing off—everything would be all right. This was the control that gripped Sister Miller so hard she had to seek a real chair

on the platform to come to in.

While the congregation was singing No.

22 Brother Knabe advanced from the main body of thought and gave a few manifestations. Brother Knabe confined himself to glittering generalities and was getting along swimmingly till he walked down the aide and grayed the hand of a young man aisle and grasped the hand of a young man with glasses. Brother Knabe was telling the young man that he was surrounded with myriad gyrations of transcendental etherizations, or words to that effect, when, as he grasped the young man's hand to get a better circuit, a tan coat on the youth's

knee slipped slightly and some bits of scribbled paper fluttered to the floor. "Ha, you're a reporter!" gasped Brother Knabe. He stalked back to the platform hurriedly and the congregation rubbered. the devils in hell could not make you a be-liever. But listen to this," and Brother Knabe banged the piano emphatically. "There are only three months or less left to you in your present surroundings.

my words."
The announcement seemed to be a great shock to the newspaper man, but heltried to smile out of it. Up to the moment his scrib-bled notes had fluttered the spiritualist had been telling him things earnestly, but now the control seemed to have been broken. After this unfortunate occurrence with an unbeliever a damper seemed to be cast on the ha'nts and the seance came to an end shortly. The services will be resumed next Sunday night

SYLVIA GERRISH DEAD. Widow of the Spendthrift Son of the Late Judge Hilton.

Mrs. Sylvia Gerrish Hilton, widow of Henry Graham Hilton, a son of the late Judge Henry Hilton, died on Saturday of pneumonia at her home on Morris Heights, The Bronx. Mrs. Hilton had been living in seclusion in the house for some time. She had Japanese servants, and a formidable array of bulldogs which were kept busy last year frightening away process servers who made repeated attempts to serve Mrs. Hilton in a suit to foreclose a \$6,000 mortgage on the

Mrs. Hilton came to this city from San Francisco in the '80s and became a popular comic opera actress, noted for a beautiful figure. She was one of the favorites at the old Casino Theatre and became one of a set that included Della Fox, Howell Osborn and others that were noted among the gay persons of the town. In 1889 her name first began to be associated with that of young hilton. He was found asleep in a cab outside of the Casino stage door one night very late, and when disturbed by a watchman said that he was wa iting for Miss Gerrish. Hilton lavished diamonds on the actress and furnished a fine apart ment for her.

It has been stated that the pair were married in March, 1901, just four days after the death of Hilton's first wife, who was a Miss Sanxey of Brooklyn. Judge Hilton cut his son off from any inheritance, but after his death, it is understood, a settlement was made upon the son. Mrs. Hilton was running for a train at the High Bridge station when she fell and broke her ankle.

Last August her home was robbed of silverware by burglars. As Miss Gerrish the actress first appeared here in any part of prominence on December 5, 1887, as Jonine in "Madelon cemper 5, 1887, as Jonine in Madelon.

Later she had a part in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "The Yeoman of the Guard."

She was one of the cast in "The Brigands" and "The Drum Major," both of which were produced at the Casino in 1888. Later she retired from the stage, returning in 1890 in the production of "Uncle Celestin." Then she again retired, returning to the stage at various times for a few years after-

Dinner for Brooklyn Republican Congressmen.

On his recent visit to Washington Timothy L. Woodruff received a pro ise from Postmaster-General Cortelyou to attend the dinner to be given to the Brookly Republican Co gress delegation on January
12. A pressing invitation was also given to Speaker Cannon and he said he would be present on the occasion, if possible.

Bull Fight for B. F. Yoakum.

MATAMORAS, Mexico, Dec. 9 .- A bull fight was given to-day in honor of B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the Rock Island and Frisco executive boards, and other officials of those two railroads. The fight was very spirited, a number of bulls being killed.

WELL, BUT THE CAT'S EARRINGS

MR. ANDERSON'S POINT IS THAT THEY OUGHT TO BE DIAMONDS, The game consists in the operator betting

Not Whether the Cat Is Worth 25 Cents o Can Be Redeemed for 50 Cents or Whether One Ought to ExpectDiamonds for a Quarter-Are They Diamonds:

If you went to a charity raffle and took a wenty-five cent chance on a cat with diamond earri ;s, and if after you had drawn the cat you found the earrings phoneydiamonds paste and setting dross you keep the prize for the sake of the cat or sell the whole caboodle back to the house for 50 cents. You would? Which? Well, hear Mr. Anderson's story.

Mr. Anderson-Mr. Charles Anderson of 55 West Ninety-fifth street—attended a fair of the Little Mothers' Aid Association at the Waldorf Friday night. He wandered around among the booths a while, having on the whole a rather dull time, until he brought up at a table whereon the only display was a cat. A Maltese cat, a large and likely looking cat, but not particularly world beating cat in any way until your appraising eyes got around to his ears. Then that Malty began to stir you and you squinted at him with care and at the sign above-just as Mr. Anderson did-and you read one sign: "To be raffled. Twenty-five cents a chance."

"The earrings, they are---?" "Diamonds," replied the lady across the

"And the setting?" "Gold. His name is Bonci-you know Bonci, the tenor. Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein was so pleased when I told her that

thatshe took two chances." The Hammerstein name settled it, and you paid your two bits, just as Mr. Anderson did. Except that you didn't hear anything more about the cat. Mr. Anderson did. His number was the lucky one.

The Little Mothers cash promptly. Mr. Anderson was notified the next day and went around to the Waldorf to get Bonci from the porter. He found Bonci purring a fetching aria, but—let Mr. Anderson continue the

"Would you believe it," said he, "those diamonds were fake. I tested them and they are paste. The settings, I don't know what the settings are, but it's a cinch they're not gold. Now, when I was fortunate they are the set in right on this raffle business. enough to get in right on this raffle business
I thought the goods were going to be real.
That's what they told me at Bonci's booth.
Mrs. Amelia Brooks gave the cat, and I
understand that this afternoon she told me one that the diamonds were really al. It must be a mistake. Do you think was a mistake? Or did some one get Bonei before I did and substitute these

Mrs. Amelia A. Brooks was found at her home in the St. James, on West Forty-fifth street. She was proud to say that she did give the cat But of all things!" she exclaimed. "Did

"But of all things: she exclaimed. And Mr. Anderson expect—would any one expect to get a Kohinoor with a cat? What do you want for a quarter?"

"Then Bonci's earrings weren't diameter." monds? Were they advertised as dia-

"Ah," mused Mrs. Brooks, "but you know there are all sorts of diamonds. A anyway, remember that my Bonci was in plain sight there at the fair. Everybody could examine him. If Mr. Anderson couldn't tell what those stones were it looks to me as if it were Mr. Anderson's fault. You don't suppose that when Mrs. Ham-merstein entered the raffle she thought she

was getting diamonds, do you?"

Here Mrs. Brooks swept into quite a history of her experience with cats and earrings. It appears that she started the fashion. She first had cats' ears pierced

twelve years ago. Other amateur tabby-ists caught up the idea and bejewelled mousers got to be quite the thing. "A few years ago." Mrs. Brooks went on. "I had two Maltese kittens—Oh, nice kit-tens! Their names were Punch and Judy. Judy had earrings, too. It struck me one day that it would be fine to have them christened. Not simply named, you un-Young man," hissed Brother Knabe, "all derstand, but really christened. So I had two or three hundred friends come to my house and we had a lovely ceremony. The house and we had a lovely ceremony. The spoon—we sprinkled them with a spoon, you see—was one that was given me by Gen. P. T. Beauregard. He got it from a blockade runner during the war. That was the first cat baptism that I ever heard of. "Maltese are my favorite cats, and every

year now for several years I have given one to the Little Mothers to help them in their I'm sure that our intentions were od, and you can imagine how I feel when I hear a man complaining that he get a Regent diamond for five nickels. Why, the cat alone is worth \$5. I'll tell you what I'll do—does Mr. Anderson want to keep

It had to be confessed that Mr. Anderson hadn't seemed to warm to Bonci very much.
"Well, then, I'll tell what I'll do. If he wants to get rid of that fine, big, soft Bonci, I'il pay him 50 cents for him, earrings and

Which leaves it once more up to Mr.

SALOON ROW AFTER HOURS.

But the Lawbreaking Was Done by Two Robbers Doing Up the Bartender. Dutch Charlie Hellwig, bartender in the

saloon at 84 Cortlandt street, was hard at work at 2:30 yesterday morning brushing and scrubbing to get the place in spick and span shape when he heard somebody tapping on the door.

'Nothin' doin'; shut up for the night! Anyhow, she's Sunday and we close legal, we do," he called to the figures out in the deep shadows of the doorway. But they continued to pound.

"Only want a drink of water, pardner," one of the men whispered through the keyhole as Charlie went forward to make a second inquiry. He let them in. They promptly downed him and just had time to get his money, \$1.25, when there was a great commotion outside. Detectives Mike Crowley and Grover L. Cleary of the Crowley and Grover L. Cleary of the Church street station, thinking it queer that the lights in 84 were out so early, had come across the street to investigate and heard the racket. They tried to get in, but the door was locked. They could dimly see the struggle in the rear of the barroom. Roundsmen Tully and Higgins had also come up. The four smashed in the door

As they entered the two robbers ran out They got by the cops, but Higgins pulled his revolver and fired twice. They stopped and were subdued after making a second

attempt to resist.

At the Church street station one of the men was found to be at least a half breed Indian. He said he was Frank Pierce, 35 years old, of Medina, Orleans county, and said he was Joe Peterson, 25 years old, a section hand at Saranac Lake. Pierce was unable to explain where he got a bankbook showing an \$842 balance drawn up in the name of Alexander D. Matoux on the National City Bank of Troy.

"I'm half white, half Indian," he said. "and you can just say if you want to that it's the white half of me that's going to hell."

They were both held for trial in \$1,000 bail each by Magistrate Barlow in the attempt to resist.

bail each by Magistrate Barlow in the Tombs police court. Central Office detectives said Pierce has already done five years for burglary and is

crook who will do murder without scruple eterson, they said, is "just a big lout of a armer," who was probably directed by the halfbreed. Charity Ball by Knights of Columbus

A charity ball is to be given at Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, on January 16 by the Knights of Columbus of Long Island for the endowment of a hospital bed fund. It will be under the direction of the Long Island chapter, in which there are fifty-three

SEEING CARDS BY TELEPHONE. EX-SENATOR BROWN MAY DIE. A Swindle That Is Said to Have Had Many

SHOT FIRED BY MRS. BRADLEY The "telephone game" is being worked in the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. LIKELY TO PROVE FATAL.

some cheerful "comeon" that he has a friend The Victim in a Stupor Most of the Time a professor, who can read any card in the Since Leaving the Operating Table pack over a telephone. The swindle is -Mrs. Bradley in a Highly Nervous carried out by means of a code, every card State and Under Care of a Physician. in the pack being designated by some common name of a man. When it comes

WASHINGTON; Dec. 9.-Arthur Brown, ormer United States Senator from Utah, who was shot in his room at the Raleigh Hotel yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Anna M. Bradley of Salt Lake City, is in a critical condition to-night. At an early hour to-day a consultation of physicians was held at the Emergency Hospital, where Brown is, and their investigation showed slight evidence of septic poison. The patient has been in a stupor most of the day. A sudden turn for the worse, with fatal, results may occur at any time.

No person claiming relationship with the rounded man has inquired at the hospital, except one, a woman, who came early this morning and left her address in Washington, saving she was an aunt of Mr. Brown, She asked the hospital authorities not to divulge

her name Mrs. Anna M. Bradley, who did the shooting, was removed early this morning from the First Precinct police station-a half block from the hotel where the tragedy occurred-to the House of Detention. Here as I was remarking. He reads a card over she was booked, with a lot of other female and child prisoners, white and colored, on the charge of assault with intent to murder, and held without bail. She was on the verge of collapse and has been under what card you hold in your hand and in a the constant care of a physician all day.

Senator George Sutherland of Utah, for whom Mrs. Bradley sent as soon as she was has some one in the crowd betting him from arrested, declared to-day that she was 50 cents to \$20 that the feat is impossible. The money is posted, very often a capper who has entered the place beforehand being made the stakeholder. Then a pack of cards is produced and the victim is asked to pick out any card he likes. Of course everybody in the place knows the card. "Now call up your professor friend and let's see him do this great feat." demands the capper. The victim holds, say, the four of spades. The operator pretends to look up the "professor's" number in the telephone book. Then he calls up his confederate. "Smith" is the code name for the four of spades. mentally irresponsible for her act. The police are inclined to agree with this view. She has steadily refused to take any nourishment since the shooting, except to sip coffee, and was to-day in a highly nervous state. She inquired frequently concerning the condition of Brown and expressed the hope that he would recover. At midnight she made efforts to send messages to her victim, who was in no condition to receive or answer

"He would not permit me to be locked up in a police station if he knew it," Mrs. Bradley said frequently to the police matron. Mrs. Bradley did not close her eyes in eep last night or to-day. Early this sceptical about your ability to read cards through the phone. He wants you to tell him what card he holds in his hand." morning a firm of local attorneys who had been retained by wire from Salt Lake by friends of the prisoner appeared at the According to those who have been through the game the "professor" is reluctant to comply but finally consents to read "just House of Detention, andafter a two hours conference with her gave orders that no one card, just one." Then after a series of manipulations, in which the man holding the card is told to hold it near the transperson should be permitted to see or talk with Mrs. Bradley except Senator Sutherland or her physician. Last night she gradually overcame her earlier reticence enjoined by Senator Sutherland and talked incessantly in an excited way to all her callers, who were many. She reviewed her alleged notorious relations with Brown and charged him with ruining her domestic life and then seeking to turn her adrift. A constant stream of sympathetic callers

applied at the House of Detention to see her to-day, but admission was refused all of them. Hotel and restaurant keepers Baptist Church, Brooklyn, were quick to respond to a movement started yesterday telephoned that they would fill her orders for meals without charge. The Salvation morning to aid the Rev. Charles T. Snow, the assistant pastor of the church, whose home, at 123 Macon street, was partially destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon. The fire started from an overheated stove in the rear parlor and before the flames were extinguished a damage of \$1.500 was done to Pastor Snow's furniture. Yesterday the members of the church contributed \$1.000 Army representatives brought baskets of fruit, and gifts of money for her relief were freely offered. When she was arrested yesterday Mrs. Bradley had only 75 cents on her person. Last night she refused an offer of money from the representative of the *Trades Unionist*, a local labor paper. the Trades Unionist, a local labor paper. To-day the same paper sent a representative seeking an audience with the prisoner, but admission was denied him. When Mrs. Bradley was searched at the House of Detention to-day she had more than \$5 to Mr. Snow to aid him in getting settled as soon as possible. in her purse, showing that some of her callers last night had rendered her financial

assistance. Among Utah people in Washington the relations of Brown and Mrs. Bradley have become an old story, and sympathy seems to be almost entirely with Mrs. Bradley. been socially ostracized in Salt Lake City. The feeling among Utah people here seems to be that Brown's attentions to the woman broke up her domestic relations and cov-

had the reputation then of expert ticket seller and quick change man expert ticket seller and quick change man in the profession. While the circus was in Chicago in 1874 Colton was married to one of the bareback riders of the circus in one of the balloons of Prof. Donaldson at the height of 1,000 feet in the air. In 1868 Colton was appointed to the New York police force and fourteen years ago was made a sergeant. His first service was in the Elizabeth street station, after which he saw duty in the Tenderloin, Delancey street, Eldridge street and Leonard street. He was always of a kind and generous disposition, and policemen who have served with and under him are unanimous in declaring that no man in uniform could say the leaves a widow, two ered her with shame. Brown was dragged into court with Mrs. Bradley on the complaint of Brown's wife. After Mrs. Brown gied, as she did shortly after she had caused the arrest of her hus-band and Mrs. Bradley, it was generally assumed in Salt Lake City that the unpleasant chapter was closed ex-Senator would wed Mrs. afford her protection and at the same time legitimize her two children, whose ternity he admitted in court. For years or more since the death of his wife whose domestic life he had Recently he has shown a decided aversion for her, according to the story current among Utah people

Mrs. Bradley admits that she had an interview with ex-Senator Brown before he left Salt Lake for Washington last week. He tried to induce her to leave Utah. She knew he was to stop at the Raleigh Hotel. After he left she made up her mind to follow him and demand that he marry her. From the most reliable information to be had the ex-Senator showed great impatience with her when she called on him in his room. He turned her aside coldly, which prompted

of Roundsman Edward Hoffman of the Mercer street station.

Capt. Elam T. Goodrich, head keeper of the West Side court jail, died of apoplexy on Saturday evening at his home, 108 West Nineteenth street. Goodrich had been keeper of the West Side court jail since February 1, 1903, and for eight years previous had occupied a similar place in the jail of the Jefferson Market court. Those around the West Side court who knew him said yesterday that he was always polite and attentive and was so exactingly honest that he would not accept even a cigar. It was set that De Lancey Nicoll once remarked that for uniform courtesy Capt. Goodrich could not be surpassed. Goodrich was 73 years old. He was a Captain in the civil war, and after the war made and lost duite a sum of money in the oil region of Pennsylvania. He leaves a widow and two daughters, one of whom is married to! the son of ex-Gov. Douglas of Massachusetts. Miss Alice Brown, daughter of ex-Senato Brown, arrived to-night from Columbus. Ohio. She is the daughter of Mr. Brown's first wife, whom he divorced at Kalamazoo Mich., before going to Salt Lake. Miss Brown went to the hospital and was shown into the ward where her father had been lying all day in an apparently semi-conscious condition. The father seemed to regain consciousness at the sight of his daugnter. The meeting was very affecting.

For the first time since the shooting the wounded man seemed to lose hope. He

told his daughter that immediately after the shooting he was confident he would re-cover, that the attending physicians were holding out hope, but he felt certain at last rould never recover from his wounds and asked the daughter to remain near him She promised to await the outcome, and after to be kept constantly advised by telephone of her father's condition and retired to her notel, leaving orders that she must not be

The physicians at the Emergency Hospital said late to-night that no unfavorable turn in the case was expected to-night. They have little or no hope of his recovery.

the chapel of Our Lady of the Angels, St. Francis College, 41 Butler street, Brooklyn. Charles E. White, who for many years was paymaster of the Eric Railroad, died at his home in South Nyack yesterday morning of apoplexy, after a brief illness. Mr. White was born in New York city on February 28, 1827. During his early years he went West, where he embarked in a successful mercantile business. Thirty years ago he entered the service of the Eric Railroad Company, and continued for about twenty years, the greater part of that time being paymaster for the road. After leaving the railroad service he retired to his beautiful home in South Nyack. Mr. White while in the West married Miss Elizabeth B. Crosby, daughter of a professional man of Akron, Ohio. Mrs. White is survived by two sons and one daughter. Frances Daniels Miller, wife of Charles R. Miller, editor of the Times, died on Saturday evening. Mrs. Miller was born in Plainfield, N. H., on April 8, 1852, and was a direct descendant in the seventh generation of the Rev. John Cotton. Her mother's maiden name was Fanny Cotton. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were married in 1876. Mrs. Miller and Hoyt Miller. The funeral, at which the Rev. Dr. George Alexander of the University Place Presbyterian Church will officiate, will be held at 21 East Ninth street to-morrow at 1 o'clock. TRAINED NURSE SEEKS DEATH. Sadle Silver Had Been Unable to Get Work and Inhales Gas.

Sadie Silver, 28 years old, a nurse, who graduated from the Roosevelt Hospital training school nine months ago, attempted suicide yesterday by inhaling gas in a furnished room at 451 Grand street. She had been despondent for the last two weeks because she was unable to get enough work. Two weeks ago the young woman hired a room from a Mrs. Horowitz, who has

an apartment on the top floor of the sixth story tenement in Grand street. The story tenement in Grand street. The young woman said she was single, but a few nights after she moved in a young man called and announced himself as her tenement

Morris Walters, who has a room in the

1 o'clock.

Lewis B. Atterbury died yesterday at his residence, 141 West Eighty-sixth street. He was born in Paterson, N. J., 64 years ago and began business in New York thirty-four years ago as a member of the brokerage firm of Van Emburgh & Atterbury, from which he retired some time ago. He leaves a widow and six children. house, smelled gas yesterday aternoon and traced it to the room occupied by Miss Silver. He hurried to the Delancey street and six children.

Sister Magdalen, art instructor at St. Aloysius Academy, 112 Grand street, Jersey City, died of paralysis early yesterday morning. She was born in Ireland and studied art in Italy. She celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her admission to the sisterhood in February last.

Eliza J. Didens, wife of John W. Spaight, editor of the Fishkill Standard, died at her home in Fishkill Landing Sunday morning. She was 69 years of age and was born in New York city. The couple celebrated their golden wedding on January 14his year. police station and notified Serg. Sher-wood, who called up the Gouverneur Hos-pital and asked that an ambulance be sent in a hurry. When the surgeon arrived Miss Silver was in pretty bad shape, but the surgeon brought her around and took her to the hospital, where she was held on a charge of attempted suicide. When she recoverd consciousness she refused to say anything about her reasons for wishing to

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SETTLEMENT'S WAR ON VICE.

ASKS BINGHAM TO DRIVE WOMEN OFF THE STREETS.

One of the Workers Goes to Court and Sees 23 of the 27 Women Arrested Discharged for Lack of Evidence-Magistrate Blames the Commissioner,

When the proceedings in the Yorkville poce court opened yesterday J. H. Hamilton of the University Settlement, on Eldridge street, stepped up on the bridge to watch the way in which the Magistrate disposed f the cases of the women arrested on the reets Saturday night. He had sent a letter to Police Commissioner Bingham complaining of the condition of things on that part of the East Side in which the settlement is interested.

The letter was turned over to Acting nspector Nally, and the inspector's men and the detectives of the Fifth street and East Twenty-second street stations arraigned yesterday in court twenty-seven women, in batches of twos and threes

Before going upon the bridge Mr. Hamilton said that New York was the only city n this country where women were permitted to go upon the streets to ply their

"The streets of the East Side in certain districts are worse than Paris in respect to this evil, and, it is about time something was done to abate it," he said. "Conditions are growing worse, and it seems that this s owing a great deal to the fact that the Magistrates treat the matter too leniently. This great lenity gives encouragement to this class of persons. It has got so now that a respectable girl or woman cannot appear after dark on certain streets without having her modesty shocked by close contact with the soliciting women. Youths contact with the soliciting women. and men are grabbed and coaxed and men are grapped and times to the block almost."

Several of the women were arraigned on charge of loitering and were discharged by Magistrate Walsh. Mr. Hamilton asked the Magistrate if he could not deal more everely with the prisoners "Who are you, sir?" the Court wanted to

The visitor introduced himself and exlained the object of his visit. "I am discharging these women because there is no evidence on which to hold them," said the Magistrate. "The policemen do their duty; the blame is not up to them or up to their captain. It is up to the Police ommissioner. Why doesn't he send out nen who are not known to these women to et evidence? I would convict if there was difficient evidence. The Police Commissioner is the one that is responsible."

When a policeman arrests a woman after nen on the streets and knows her character isn't that sufficient evidence for you? asked the man from the settlement. "No; the policeman doesn't know what she

Mr. Hamilton said that the settlement ras ready to help the police in arresting

these women. "These girls would solicit your people when they would not the policemen," marked the Court.

"I don't mean that our young men will sist the police by having the women licit them. We could not do that, but we solicit them. We could not do that, but we could have watchers of this streetwalking."
The arraignments then went on and girl after girl was discharged. Ruth Ellis seemed to be embarrassed by her situation. She gave her age as 21 years, and told the Mag-istrate that she had been leading that kind istrate that she had been leading that kind of life for only one week. She came from Philadelphia a short time ago. Detective Bogart of the East Twenty-second street station arrested her when she invited him to go to a hotel. The Magistrate turned the girl over to Miss Alice Smith, the probation officer. After atalk with her the probation officer recommended that the bation officer. After atalk with her the probation officer recommended that the girl be sent back to her Philadelphia home. "I was arrested twice last night, and I think you ought to give me a show. I'm arrested every little while," said a young woman who was down on the records as Jennie First, when she was brought up to the railing. She was heach arrest Saturday night She was bailed out after The Magistrate committed her to the

Weinberg had also been arrested twice and twice bailed out. The charge against her was loitering. She was dis-

charged Another of the woman prisoners; while waiting to be arraigned, said sha hile waiting to be arraigned, said she ould like to know who got all of her money. If she only knew she would give him a piece of her mind

"I'm getting tired of putting up money all the time," she said. "You would think us girls were made of money the way they

go for us It cost me \$100 to get out when that big crowd of girls was held under bonds for good behavior some time ago." All the policeman could say against her was that he saw her stopping men on the street and talking to them. She was dis-

charged.

Of the twenty-seven women three were sent to the workhouse, one was held under bond (not furnished) for her good behavior for two months and the others

Hamilton stayed on the bridge until the last of the lot had been disposed of, taking notes of the examination.

FATHER-IN-LAW UPHOLDS PELL.

Edwin S. Cramp Denounces Alma Roberts's Sult Against Young New Yorker.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9 .- It was on the advice of his wife and his father-in-law, Edwin S. Cramp, that Theodore Roosevelt Pell of New York decided to accept unpleasant publicity and openly contest the claim for \$15,000 damages for breach of promise brought against him by Alma Roberts.

A family counsel was held more than five months ago. Mr. Cramp went over from Philadelphia at the request of his son-in-law and insisted that not one cent be offered to keep the proceedings from going to the courts, in which course Mr. Cramp's daughter concurred.

"None of the family is bothered about this preposterous suit," said Mr. Cramp this evening. "It is simply one of those affairs of which any young man of good family in any large city is liable to have some woman attempt to make him the

"The woman claims breach of promise, yet almost the first question she asked Mr. Pell the first time she came to his office on business was whether he was not the young man who had married my daughter. the face of it the suit is not what it purports

Imagine a woman 35 or 40 who has been a chorus girl and who keeps a boarding house for men, in New York, being the

victim of a young man of 23.

"I know hundreds of prominent men in the large cities who will never visit a woman on business or allow one to enter their offices. But in some businesses this rule cannot hold. I understand that this woman called at my son-in-law's office and fessed to be looking for a house. He with her to show several and on the trip she asked him many questions.

"He did not see anything more of he

until one day he received a note asking him to call. He thought it was some business connected with the house, but she told him she was in a delicate condition and asked him to write the address of some physician he knew. He was amazed and declined to "About five months ago he heard of the

case and asked me to come to New York. He had told his wife of it and we all advised that no attention be paid to the proposal 10 settle but to use all the money necessary to fight it openly." Mr. Pell married Miss Florence Cramo

in 1903. Miss Cramp was known t friends in this city and Newport as She is fond of tennis and it was on the New port courts that Mr. Pell first met her.

SHOT HIMSELF IN A HORSE SHED Suicide of a Young Man Believed to Have Come From Chicago.

ELMIRA, Dec. 9 .- The body of the young man found in a horse shed on James Murphy's farm in Brocton, with a bullet hole back of the right ear, is believed to be that of E. C. Kranagrill of Chicago. That name was found on the tailor's tag in a pocket of his trousers. He was about 25 years of age, five feet ten inches in height and had brown hair and a light mustache of a week's growth. His clothing was mostly bought in Chicago. The overcoat was bought in New York. He had a match-box marked Waldorf-Astoria and a gun metal watch with a leather chain. Only metal watch with a leather chain. Only four cents was found in his purse. It was a

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10,000 deaths every year-200 weekly-28 daily-one every hour.

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